278

Collated
&
Perfect.
S.K. 1798.

THE LONDON Chaunticleres.

A WITTY

COMOEDY,

Full of Various and Delightfull

MIRTH.

Often ACTED with Great Applause

And never before Published.

First Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Simon Miller*, at the Star in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1659.

Perſonæ.

Heath	A Broom-man.
Briſtle	A Bruſh-man.
Ditty	A Ballad-man.
Budgett	A Tinker.
Gumb	A Tooth-drawer.
Welcom	An Hoſt.
Bung	A Tapſter.
Fennecing	An Apple-wench.
Curds	A freſh Cheeſe and Cream woman.

Prologue.

THe ſtyle that baniſht Ovid *and his Book,*
And ſpight of's Laurell made him Thunderſtrook,
Is baniſht from this Scene by us, and here
Cato *may come into the Theater.*
At our Love-tricks none need their eye-lids cruſh,
Chaſt Veſtals may look on without a bluſh:
Our Cheats do take if they but Time beguile,
And all our Plot is but to make you ſmile.
You're welcome then to London, *which our ſhow*
Since you mayn't go to that, has brought to you:
Pardon if we offend you with our noiſe,
'Tis but an Ecche of their clamorous voice.

THE

THE LONDON CHAUNTICLERES.

SCEN. I.

Enter Heath *a Broom-man.*

BRooms maids, brooms——old boots or ſhoos, come buy my brooms.

You maidens that do cleanſe the door,
An make a looking-glaſs oth' floor,
That every night prepare the ground,
For Oberon to daunce a round,
And do expect Queen Mab for you,
Shou'd drop a Teſter in a ſhoe,
And wou'd ſleep without pinching, come
Quickly to me, and buy a broom,
That will effect the thing you mean,
'Tis a new broom, and will ſweep clean.

Come buy my broom Maids, Maids did I ſay! Sure there are none ith' City, or if there be any, they have forſworn my cuſtom: All the brooms I have ſold to day, wou'd not ſweep half the ground I have gone, and the money I have got, will ſcarce buy Ale enough to moiſten my mouth after one cry. Sure all the City are turn'd duſt-men, and the whole Corporation are of the company of Grobians; wo-

men ſweep their houſes with their long coats, and men their ſhops, with their ſcrubbed beards; ther's no uſe of a beeſom now, but to make rods of, and ſweep the children's backſides. 'Tis better killing men for eight pence a day, or hanging of um for thirteen pence half-peny apiece, than follow this poor and idle life; 'tis eaſier canting out, A piece of broken bread for a poor man, than ſinging Brooms maids brooms, come buy my brooms; I ſhoud e'en go hang my ſelf now, if I were worth a halter; but who will ſpend a groat on't, when he may be hang'd at free-coſt: I'le go rob the Sheriffe, and not leave him enough to hire an executioner for me, ſteal the Judg's Gown, that he may not come to the Aſſizes, and poiſon the Jury, that they may not bring me in guilty. *Enter Briſtle.*

Bri. Buy a ſave-all, buy a ſave-all; never more need, come, buy a ſave-all; buy a comb-bruſh, or a pot-bruſh, buy a flint or a ſteel or a tinder-box.

He. Oh *Briſtle* welcom, I perceive by thy merry note, that ther's muſick in thy pocket. What, doſt jingle?

Bri. And I perceive by thy heavy countenance, thy purſe is light, Doſt want coin?

He. Doſt thou doubt that? Doſt thou not ſee I'm ſober? Do I ſwear? or kick, for asking if I want money?

Bri. Theſe are infallible ſigns indeed, that thou doſt want it.

He. I have been up this two hours, and have not viſited one Ale-houſe yet.

Bri. Nay, I am fully ſatisfied, But canſt thou want money, whilſt thou haſt fingers to tell it?

He. Why, wou'dſt have um made of loadſtones, to draw all that comes nigh um.

Br. Canſt thou be poor and have a tongue? nay, then 'tis pity but thou ſhou'dſt be ſent to the mint thy ſelf, and be ſtampt into farthings, to be beſtowed on beggars: I'de dig to the Antipodes with my nails, but I'de find a Mine: And like the Cripple, run up *Pauls* ſteeple, but I'de get the ſilver Cock.

He.

He. He had no legs to break, if he had fallen, nor weight enough to crack his neck.

Br. Nor thou wit enough to be hang'd, thou hadſt rather be ſtarved, than break open a cupboard, and die a good poor man, or an honeſt beggar, than a rich thief, or a Gentleman Rogue. Thou thinkeſt it more commendable, I warrant, to be carried in a chair from Conſtable to Conſtable, with a Warrant from the Church-wardens, that thou art a poor man, and deſireſt their Charity, that thou art willing to work, but art almoſt ſtarved, haſt half a dozen children, the eldeſt, not above three years old, their mother having been dead this eight year, and ſuch pitiful complaints, with as many tears as wou'd drown all the victuals thou eat'ſt, than ride a mile or two in a Cart, with the Sheriff attending on thee: Thou believ'ſt that more may be gotten, with a Good your (nonſence) Worſhip to every Jack, than a Sirrah deliver your purſe to the beſt Lord i'th' Land: And all this grounded upon that preciſe Axiom; A little with honeſty, is better than a great deal with knavery.

He. Thanks good *Briſtle* for thy counſel, I mean to be as perfect a pick-pocket, as good as ever nipt the Judges bung while he was condemning him. Look to thy purſe *Briſtle*, leaſt I practiſe on thee firſt: The Faries cann't creep through a leſſer Key hole than I. Oh for a dead mans hand now, 'tis as good as Poppy ſeed, to charm the houſe aſleep; it makes um as ſenceleſſe as itſelf: Come ſhall we turn Knight Errants. Name the firſt Adventure: Doſt thou know no Enchanted Caſtle? No Golden Ladies in diſtreſſe, or impriſoned by ſome old Giant Uſurer?

Br. Stay a little *Heath*, I have a deſign in my head, that will outgo *Don Quixot* or *Palmerin*, as far as they did the Giants they overcame; a Trick that ſhall load us with Money without any fear of th' Cart.

He. I'll be thy Squire though I have no better than *Sancha Pancha*, and am toſſ'd in a blanket.

Br. Come follow me. *Exeunt.*

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Enter Nacy Curdwell

Cur. I Have fresh Cheese and Cream, I have fresh Cheese & Cream, Hel ho! But one Suitor yet? Must my sheets lie smooth, till I am wrinkled? Nay then I see Beauty is not a Cable rope, to draw mens hearts after it, nor our mouths a mouse-trap, our tongues a lure, and lips a ginne, our hairs are not fishing lines, nor our noses hooks, these Gudgeon's will not swallow the bait that hangs there. Nay we cannot catch these meer-men, though our Smocks were made of Net-work, and we hung all o'e with Looking-Glasses. No no, I see when these Buzzards look after Mates they wink and chuse. I think I must have my Nose turn'd into a Bill, and write upon it, Here is a house to be let. I am but Six and Twenty years old, and that's young enough to play with a Baby: O how like the Picture of Charity shou'd I look with too Sucklins at my Breast?

Enter Budget *a Tinker.*

Bud. Have you any work for a Tinker, Old Brasse, Old Pots, Old Kettles, I'le mend them all with a Tara-tink, and never hurt your Mettal.

Here she is, Me thinks she looks very smug upon me. Now to my Fashion ——— Most Beautiful, Fair and Vertuous Mistresse, whose Face is a Burning-Glasse, and hath set me on fire, My Sugar-Plumb and Stewd-Pruine Lady, whose fine sharp Nose, like *Cupid's* Darts, hath prick'd me to the heart. Whiter than the Curds thou sell'st, Softer than the Silk thou weares't, Milder than the four-Shilling Beer thou drink'st; *Venus* I believe was a fresh Cheese and Cream woman, and letting fall her pail,

made

made the Milky way, but yet came as farre short of thee, my ſweet, hony *Nacy*, as whey of butter-milk, or ſkim'd milk of cream. Oh that I were a Worm to crawl on that face of thine, or a Flea?

Cur. Hee'd bite me ſure.

Bud. To ſlip about thy neck; Do not, I pray, tread on me with the foot of diſdain, leaſt thou cruſh my heart as flat as a pancake.

Cur. Pray leave off your ſuit, I have no mind to marry, I'le alwaies live a Virgin.

Bud. What, and lead Apes in hell? What pitty wou'd it be to ſee you chain'd to a Monky?

Cur. Or ty'd to you.

Bud. Oh do not frown! Each wrinele is a grave to me, and angry look a Deaths head. Do not deſpiſe me cauſe I am black and you ſo white, the Moon wears beauty ſpots, and the faireſt Ladies black patches: White petticoats are wrought with black ſilk, and we put black plumbs into white puddings.

Cur. But black and white ribbons are worn only at Burials, never at Weddings; and I wou'd be loth my Wedding ſheet ſhou'd be my ſhroud, and my bed a grave; therefore pray be gone, and come when I ſend for you.

Bud. Sweet ſugar-candy Miſtreſs, grant me one thing before you go.

Curd. What is't?

Bud. Give me leave to vouchſafe one kiſſe on thoſe ſweet ſilken parchment lips.

Curd. Take your farewell, you ſhall never kiſſe um again. *Kiſſes her and blacks her mouth.*

Bud. Thanks pudding-py *Nacy*. *Exit.*

Curd. Faw, how he ſtinks of ſmoke; Do's he think I'le be his Trull? and that he ſhall ſmutch my face thus with his char-coal noſe? no, I'le ſee him burnt firſt: out upon him Beggar, burnt-arſe Rogue, Devil, Tinker: I am afraid his ugly looks have ſoured my Cream, and made all

my Cheese run to whey, but if he come to me again thus I'le make him blew as well as black.

Enter Hanna Jenning.

Jen. Come buy my Pearmains, curious *John* Apples, dainty Pippins; come who buy's? who buy's?

Curd. O sister *Hanna*, I wanted you just now, here was a Tinker had like to have run away with me in his Budget; a Copper-nos'd Rogue, Brasen-fac't Rascal.

Jen. But you were even with him, Nay you are a Whisker I Faith. I see beards are infectious, as well as scab'd lips. Salute your apron and 'twill tell you who you kist last.

Cur. He has printed a kisse indeed.

Jen. Was he a Suitor? Did he woe you with Posnets and Skillers? and promise you a Kettle next *Bartholmew* Fair? and how did you answer him? Did you say Fly Brasse, The Divel's a Tinker? Or more mildly tell him you cou'd not settle your Affections on him? But come, look sprightly, Some body will stare so long upon the bright Sun of our Beauties, till they are blinded with beams: Thou knowest when my Mother died, she left us beside some stringed pence and a Grannams groat, seaven suitors, whereof all have forsaken us, but *Grafwell* the Gardiner, and my mother indeed used to say that I was born to be a Gardiners wife as soon as ever I was taken out of her parsly-bed; but 'tis no marrer let um go.

Curd. But I wonder *Hanna*, that you having been an Apple-woman so long, cannot get a Customer for your self, you might go off for a Queen-apple: Come along, the next Chapman shall have us at an easie rate. I have fresh Cheese, &c.

Jen. Come buy Pippins. *Exeunt.*

SCEN

SCEN. III.

Enter Ditty *a Ballad-man.*

COme new books, new books, newly printed and newly come forth, all sorts of Ballads and pleasant Books, the Famous History of *Tom Thumb*, and unfortunate *Jack*, a hundred Godly Lessons, and Alas poor Scholler whither wilt thou go: the second part of Mother *Shipton's* Prophecies, newly made by a Gentleman of good quality, foretelling what was done four hundred years ago, and a pleasant Ballad of a bloody fight seen i'th ayr, which the Astrologers say portends scarcity of Fowl this year. *Sings a Ballad.*

Enter Budger.

Bud. Have you the Ballad of the unfortunate Lover?

Dit. No, but I have *George* of *Green*, or Chivy Chase, *Collins* and the Devil, or Room for Cuckolds, I have any thing but that.

Bud. Have you the Coy Maid?

Dit. I sold that just now, But I have the Ballad of the *London* Prentice, *Guy* of *Warwick*, or the Beggar of *Bednol* Green.

Bud. What Love-songs have you? I wou'd have a woeing Ballad.

Dit. I have Twenty of them, Look you her's one, and although I say it my self, as good a one as ever trode upon shoe-leather.

Budg. What is't? Good *Ditty* let me hear it.

Dit. The honest Milk-maid, or I must not wrong my Dame.

Budg. Have you never a one call'd the honest fresh

Cheese and Cream-woman?

Dit. I do not remember that, but here is another, you shall hear me sing it.

SCEN. III.

Once did I love a maiden fair,
Down derry, down, down, down, down derry
With Silver locks and Golden hair,
Down derry, &c.
Her Cheek's were like the Rose so sweet
Down derry
Like Marble Pillars were her feet
Down derry

How like you this? 'Tis a rare tune, and a very pleasant Song.

Budg. I like the Song well, but I would have a picture upon it like me.

Dit. Look you here, Her's one as like you, as if it had been spit out of your mouth, your nose, eye, lip, chin, sure they printed it with your face, and the most sweetest Ballad that ever I sung.

My Love and I to Medley
Upon a time would go
The Boat-men they stood ready
My Love and I to row,
Where we had Cakes and Prunes
And many fine things moe
But now alas she has left me
Fa la fa lero lo

Bud. This is the Ballad I'll have, Come *Ditty* thou sha't teach me to sing it, and I'll pay thee at the next good house. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. III.

Enter { Bristle *like a Shoemaker.*
Heath *like a Butcher.*

He. SLaughter-calf, do you say my name shall be?

Br. I, I, and mine vamp.

He. And how do I look now? Like one that was begotten under a Butchers stall I warrant, and born in a slaughter-house, I know there's never a kill-cow in't City becomes a woollen apron better then I do.

Br. Liker a Calf then Butcher; Yet thy sheeps head will be some token thou cam'st from the Butch-row, have a care thou dost not forget thy self, and talk of brooms instead of fly-flops, and old boots and shoes instead of calves skins.

He. I am as artificiall at the trade as the Master o'th' Company, I cou'd sell Jupiter were he a bull again: I am perfectly chang'd, I nere knew *Heath* the broome-man, or the price of a besom, never traffiqu'd with maids o'th' Kitchin, or shop-boys for old boots and shoes.

Br. Nor I for new, for all I'm a shoemaker. But to the designe; Stand here, this is the rode she walks, if thou faileſt, may thy woollen apron be spunne into halters, to hang thee in, and a stall be thy gibbet. *Exit.*

He. If I don't act my part well, may I be a changeling indeed, and be beg'd for the City fool. If she be coy and by her obstinacy hinder our plot. I'l quarter her out, and sell her for cow-beef, make pettitoes of her fingers and trotters of her feet. *Enter Curdwell.*

Curd. I have fresh cheese and creame.

He. Harmonious voice! The Witny finger's are but chattering mag-pie's to this melodious Nightingale, and the

the Taber and Pipe, but as the ſcraping on a braſſe pan to this Organ, ſure this is the beauty that I muſt court, If Cupid be not propitious now, I'l cut my brooms into rods and whip the peeviſh boy: Lady, for to your beauty ſtiles you, to whom the ſnow, and ſwan are black, whither thou art a Goddeſſe, and come down to puniſh men, and make them dye with love; Or a mortall which excelleſt all Goddeſſes, pitty a wounded heart, which can receive no eaſe from any thing, but thoſe eyes from whom it did receive it's wounds, there's no Nectar or Ambroſia, but what thy pale affords, the Moon wou'd willingly be that the Welſhmen wiſh in, ſo thou wou'dſt give it room amongſt thy cheeſes: Be not unkind ſweet Lady, one cruel look will make this place my ſlaughter-houſe, and thee the butchers butcher.

Cur. I dare not truſt you for all your fair words, men of your profeſſion make it a trade to cheat us.

He. I'l be as faithfull as thou art fair, and ſtick as cloſe unto thee, as my ſhirt does to my back, on a ſweltry ſwetting day, come thou ſhalt yeeld, and by yeelding conquer me.

Cur. You fet upon weak women with your ſtrong complements, and overcom them whether they wil or no. *Hemoves.*

He. Move forward, we'l be contracted at the next Alehouſe, be married to morrow, and have half a dozen children the next day. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Enter Welcome *an Hoſt.*

SURE I have ſlept my ſelf into an owle, and miſtake night for day, can light dawn and none ſee the way to my houſe, for a mornings draught? No groats due? Did all

all my mad lads go ſober to bed laſt night? Such a crime forfeits the City charter: What hoe! ſpeak here ſirrah *Bung*.

Enter Bung.

Bu. By and by who call's? O Maſter good morrow to you.

We. Why it is day with thee too, *Bung*, and I no owle, ſpeak prithee, how long iſt ſince thou cou'dſt grope the tap out?

Bu. O Sir, this two houres, I have out two dozen of toſts, broacht a new barrell of Ale, waſht all the cups and flaggons, made a fire i'th' *George*, draind all the beer out of th' half Moon the company left o'th floore laſt night, wip'd down all the tables, and have ſwept every room, the ſun has been up this houre almoſt.

We. I there's and honeſt ſoker, the old blade ſwills himſelf i'th Sea all night, and quaffs from th' earth all day, and that makes him have ſuch a rubyface, but what no cuſtomers yet?

Bung. Not one Sir, our old chair-woman *Mary* has not call'd for her mornings draught yet; She that's the rub for all mens ſnuffs, and devoures me more rappings, then would ſerve to make ſtrong waters for an Army.

We. Sure all the beer that was drunk yeſterday had poppy in't inſtead of mault, and people are not yet awake, or elſe they miſtake my houſe for a priſon, and my old lattice for grates, come *Bung* we'l give our ſelves handſell, go fill's a luſty pot of Ale.

This is a precious varlet and has tricks enow to furniſh all the tapſters betweene Charing Croſſe, and Fleet bridg, the ſlight of nicking and frothing he ſcornes as too common, but ſupplies that defect with little juggs and great glaſſes, and where he feares a diſſolution, brings up his flaggon, begins the Kings health, and with that decoy draws on another dozen or two, till the whole royall progeny is gone over; he wiſh't it once as numerous as old *Priam's* was, and another time had like to have been hang'd for praying treaſon, that there were a hundred Kings i'th'

Land

Land, that men might be forc'd, to drink all their healths for fear of diſpleaſing any. *Enter* Bung.

Bung. Here Sir, here's a cup of ſtinging liquor, it is ſo thick that you may ſlice it, and came driveling out as if the loving veſſel had been loath to part with't.

Wel. How? tis cold, the rogue has put ice into't inſtead of toſt, or elſe one of's hundred leagar wafers the Baker dry'd for him t'other day in's oven, after his bread was drawn, for the yeſt of two barrels, you raſcal cheat your Maſter?

Bung. Cry you mercy good Sir, I proteſt I had forgot who t'was for, and popt it in before I was aware, but I'l ayr it for you inſtantly, if you pleaſe.

Wel. No no I'l warm't myſelf, and it ſhall warm me, come here's to all good ſwallow's; So, ſo, one cup of Ale will ſhrow'd one better from the cold, then all the furres in *Ruſſia*.

Within. Tapſter, where are you? Show's a room here.

Bung. Anon, Anon Sir, you are welcome Gentlemen, Pleaſe you walk into th' *George*, there's a good fire and no company. *Exit.*

Wel. To ſee what lucky hanſell will procure, no ſooner the cup out of my mouth, but another call'd for, It ſeemes it ſtaid at me all this while, a dry ſhabby Hoſt is more abſurd, then a dumbe Exchange: Theſe are ſome boon fellow's I know, the rogue is ſo perfect in his lerry, *Dirry* and's comrades perhaps, the raſcall can never ſing well till he has wetted his whiſtle at my houſe, he made me ſet up the ſigne o'th' flying horſe for a *Pegaſus*, Budget the *Tinker* too is as good at cracking a pot as any, and *Briſtle* the merrieſt cunningſt whorſon, he ſets his traps two-pence dearer, onely by giving rules how to bait them; for a Dutch mouſe with butter forſooth, or bacon, and then for a Welch one, toaſted cheeſe is the beſt. *Enter* Bung.

Bung. The Gentlemen within deſire your company.

Wel. What are they.

Bung.

Bung. The foure Church-Warden's o'th' Parish, that never exceed half-pence a piece at a mornings draught, must have a flaggon instead of a black-pot, and fire, toast, and nutmeg over and above, nay sometimes a breakefast too.

Wel. And when they mount so high as a penny, drink at widdow *Grunts*, she that has an eleven children, and say they are prodigall meerly out of charity to the poor Orphan pigs, but at th' hall on a Court day, can be as drunk as so many Tinkars at *Banbury*, or Nurses at a Christning, pox on 'um, tell 'um I am busie with other company.

Bung. Nay Sir, they protest they'l have your jugg in.

Wel. They shall have me too, then, and for once I'l obey their summon's, but let 'um expect to pay for all they call for, and therefore for me. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI.

Enter Gumb *a Tooth drawer.*

HAve you any Cornes upon your feet or toes, any Teeth to draw? ——Oh for a flood now or a whole year of raine, that every step may be up to the Ancles in water, and cover every toe with a corne: May the Shoemakers make all their shoes too straight, that they may pinch the sore toed miser, and at every tread put him in mind of work for the corn-cutter: May the tooth-ach be an hereditary disease, and prove infectious, or so many Aldermen be turn'd into Marble, that the whole City may get rotten teeth with eating of sugar plumbs and sweetmeats at their funeralls. *Enter* Ditty.

Dit. The seven wise men of *Gotam*, a hundred merry

tales, *Scoggins* jests, or a book of prayers and graces for young children.

Gum. What news books *Dizy*? Any Proclamations that they must forfeit all their toes that have no cornes, or that they must never eat good victualls, that have not the tooth-ach? Are red mufflers and flasht shoes come into fashion? They are as sure signes of the ach of teeth and toes, as a red lenice of an Alehouse.

Dit. No truly, Master *Gumb*, I have none of these books, but I have as good, I have very strange news from beyond seas.

Gum. What is't? Do they want corn-cutters, or tooth-drawers, prithee lets heare it.

Dit. The King of *Morocco* has got the black jaundies and the Duke of *Westphalia* is sick of the swine pox with eating bacon: The *Moores* encrease daily, and the King of *Cyprus* mournes for the Duke of *Saxon* that is dead of the stone, and Presbyter *John* is advanc't to *Zeland*, the sea ebbs and flowes but twice in four and Twenty hours, and the Moon has chang'd but once the last month.

Gum. Hold, Hold, here's enough to tire the Doves neck before she gets home. *Enter* Budget.

Bud. Well, I must strike whilst the Iron's hot, good Vulcan be assistant, and graunt that some spark of love may be kindled in her heart, and that I may with my Compliments as with the bellows of *Rhetorick* blow the Coales of good will, and with my forked arguments stirre up the fire of affection in her:——I have been filing my nose and anveling down my chin this two daies, and yet just now there was scarse room enough for her sweet lips and mine to meet: She calls me Vulcan, and Cyclops, and say's I shall be hang'd up for the signe of the black Boy: But tis no matter, It may be when she calls me Vulcan, she would have me make her my *Venus*.

Dit. Who is this trough that he is about to run away with.

Bud. Well I'l try both waies.

Dit.

Dit. How now *Budget*: Can you ſing your Ballad yet, come are you perfect.

Bud. Not yet *Ditty*, but iſt to the tune o'th' bleeding heart do you ſay?

Dit. I, I, But what makes you ſo pale *Budget*, there's a cup of Ale at mine hoſt *Welcomes*, will make your noſe of another colour.

Bud. O *Ditty*, there is a naile knockt into my heart, it pricks, it pricks.

Gum. Why if you can't wrench it out weel ſend for a ſmith.

Dit. Has Cupid plai'd the joyner with you then, who iſt he has faſtend to your heart with th t naile, what mettall is ſhe made of, that you cannot hammer her.

Bud. It is the City's Beauty.

Dit. The City's Beauty, who's that, one of my Lord Majors ſpanniels.

Gum. I knew a bitch of that name, was a very pretty dog, and would fetch and carry as nimbly as any Porter in the Town.

Bud. What Villaines, do you make a puppy of me, I'l kick you into glove-dogs, you mungrells, hell-hounds, whelps.

Dit. Hold, good *Budget*, a jeſt is but a jeſt, I ſpoke but in jeſt.

Gum. Nor I indeed Maſter *Budget*.

Bud. Then I kickt you but in jeſt.

Gum. I, I Sir, we take it ſo, you muſt think if it had been in earneſt, though it had been the beſt man i'th' Land, he had kickt his laſt.

Bud. Had he ſo ſlave?

Gum. Yes, when he had done kicking.

Dit. Good *Budget* be pacifi'd, and wee'l recompenſe the injury we have done you, with our forwardneſſe to promote your deſires, and tranſlation out of the Circle of love into the wedding ring.

Bud. Thanks kind *Dizy*, walk along with me, and I will ſhew thee, the ſweet Empreſſe of my heart, I am appeaſ'd.

Exeunt

SCEN. VII.

Enter Briſtle *and* Jenniting.

Briſ. YES truly I am one of th' Gentle-craft, though I have got ſomewhat of the Taylor's trade too, ſome hangers on, fellow travellers, that I cannot be rid off, though are ſtill upon my back, they put me to foul ſhifts ſometimes.

Jen. Then you know *Chriſpianus*.

Briſ. Yes, he is a Saint amongſt us, of whoſe votary I am one, that each Munday morning liquor his Altar with Ale, and greaze it with bacon.

Jen. So you ſacrifice the hog to get the briſtles.

Briſ. (She knows my name ſure) but 'tis no matter for him hereafter, I'l know no Saints but thee, be not therefore unkind, but look with a favourable aſpect on him that can expect no bad influence from ſo benigne a ſtarre.

Jen. You do but flatter me, I am not ſo good a one as you make me.

Briſ. Now by *Jove* thou art fairer then *Calliſto* (and more like a Beare) more divine then *Caſſiopeia*, do but conſider that every Sow has a ring, and will not you have one.

Jen. Well Vamp you know how to take the length of womens feet.

Briſ. Come my *Jenniting* we will have twins every year.

Jen. Such as ſhall be Chriſtned at Saint *James*-tide I warrant.

Briſ.

Bri. No, no, two Boyes and ſo many Wenches, that we will furniſh the whole City with Hearb-women and Coſter-mongers of our own progeny, there ſhall not be an Apple-wife in the whole Country, but ſhe ſhall be ingrafted into ſome branch of our Family, not a day in the whole year ſhall paſſe but ſome tree of our ſtock ſhall be ſet, till we have enough to plant a wilderneſſe, and people it. Go pack up thy Treaſure, the time flies to faſt, but wee'l outſtrip it, to night wee'l be at a place ſome ten miles off, where a houſe ready furniſht waits for thee, with all things neceſſary for the Celebration of our Nuptials. I'l fit thee with a pair of ſhoes; Let's ſee thy foot, It is of the eighteens, Thou ſha't have aſtrapping pair; Make haſt.

Jen. Thankes Kind *Vamp*, All that J have is thine.

Exit.

Bris. J hope ſo, or elſe my Plot fails me: If *Heath* ſpeed with *Nacy Curds* as well as J have with *Hanna Jenniting*, we ſhall make quick work with 'um, we ſhall fledge our ſelves before we fly, Let them husband what we leave um as well as they can.

Exit.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Heath *and* Curds.

Heath. YES it is a very neat houſe, 'tis at the ſign of the Bull, 'tis newly covered with Calves-skins, and pav'd with knuckle bones; thou ſhalt not deny me, wee'l be there to night, and 'tis but three hours journey, let me have thy bundles of neceſſaries an hour hence, and I'l ſee 'um ſafe ſent before; thou ſha't be the Lady o'th Town.

Curd. J have been one in my daies, when we kept the Whitſon-Ale, where we danc'd the building of *London*-Bridge upon wool-packs and the hay upon a Graſſe-plat, and

when we were a weary with dauncing hard, we alwaies went to the Cushion daunce.

He. I, wee'l have dauncing at out wedding too, when the Cups of Canary have made our heads frisk. O how we shall foot it when we can scarce stand, and caper when we are cut in the leg! The first year shall be a leap year with us.

Curd. What shall we have at our wedding dinner? Wee'l be sure of a Plumb-pudding, that shall be the very flour of the Feast.

He. Then a Leg of Beef shall walk round the Table like a City Captain with a Target of Lamb before it, A Snipe with his long Bill shall be Serjeant, and a Capon carry the Drum-sticks: Thou shalt be Lady General, and pick out the choicest of every dish for thy Life-guard.

Curd. I'l pay them to the full.

Heat. Till anon good buy. *Exit* Heath.

Enter Budg. Ditty Gumb.

Dit. Pox o' thy ugly face, Ca'st not sing, but thou must cry too? Look there shee is; Good *Gumb* hold my shop a little.

Bud. And mine too.

Gumb. Now do I look like one of the Pillars in the Exchange. *Exit.*

Budg, *Sweet Lady smile on me* *Curd.* Hissing
Now merrily Adders
For if thou frown on me
Sure I shall die.
Both *Sure I shall die,* &c. Croaking Toads.
Thy eye like a Cockatrice
Kils with a look
They shine like the Sun
I do swear on a book.

Curd.

Curd. Away, Screech-owles.

Both. J swear on a book, &c. *Exit* Curds

Budg. Stay *Ditty* she is deaf and won'd not hear though *Orpheus* plai'd, not be moved though the stones and trees danc't.

Ditty. Give me thy letter then, I'l run after her and deliver it my self.

Bud. Prithee do, kind-hearted *Ditty.*

Dit. O what a nimble *Cupid* shall J be? *Venus* her self will mistake me for her Boy.

Bud. I'l wait here till thou returnest. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. IX.

Enter Bristle *and* Heath.

Bristle. WHat did she melt easily? Was she pliable?

He. O like Coblers wax, she stuck to my fingers J could hardly get her off, and had much ado to perswade her not to undo her self quite, she would have had me gone home and took all, nay would have rob'd her Aunt too, but that J shou'd cheat her sufficiently. This will be the best daies work J have done this many a year.

Bri. And yet all my Rhetorick cou'd scarce perswade you to be wise.

He. I am thy Scholler, and thou shat find I'l prove an apt one. If J am not as perfect at the Art, as thy self in a short time, may J never be made free, but always steal for others, and be hang'd my self.

Bri. Yet still thou owest thy learning unto me, if J had not been thy Master, thou mightst have sat at home now, with a cup of cold water, and thy precious Jewel, a contented mind, wishing thou hadst but money enough to pay a forfeit for being drunk, though thy empty pockets forc't thee to be sober.

He.

He. Come prithee leave, I my ſelf do now laugh at my former ignorance, Thou haſt inſuſ'd a new ſoul into me, Thou haſt plaid Hocus-pocus with me I think, and juggled *Caſtalian* or Country *Tom's* Legerdemain into me; Thet's not ſuch a change in all the Metamorpoſis.

Bri. And how haſt thou bargaind with thy whey-fac't wench, what haſt thou gain'd by the project, nothing but wit?

He. Yes a Sibret Bodkin and Thimble, and as many Curds as wou'd ſerve the Court-Ladies for a Twelvemoneth Beſides the Box laden with all the Plate and Houſhold-ſtuff that her pitchy fingers cou'd ſtick to in ſix years ſervice, with which I believe ſhe now waits for me at the appointed place; what we can't turn into Money we will into Ale, and drink it out: Mine Hoſt *Welcom* has a Cup of bleſſed Lull.

Bri. Away, make haſt, wee'l empty his Celler to night and draw his Barrels out into our Hogs-heads.

He. I'l out-fly the ſwift. *Exit.*

Bri. But ſcarce out-go an Owl: This Fellow will I ſo tutor, that he ſhall rob *Mercury* himſelf, ſurpaſſe *Prometheus*, and ſteal the Sun from Heaven, filch away *Venus's* Box of Beauty, and pawn it to Ladies, not to be redeem'd but by the Golden Apple that *Paris* gave her, *Jupiter's* Thunder too, and ſell it to beſieged Townes for Granado's.

Enter Jenmting *with a Bundle.*

O here comes my precious *Hanna*! Never ſo lovely as now, when ſhee brings a Bundle along with her. That Beauty-ſpot makes her look fair, Come my Sweeting, every minute was an age till thou cameſt, But why ſo wrinkled? Thoſe looks do not become a Bride.

Jen. Is there no danger of drowning? I am ready to ſink every time I think of the water, I cannot chuſe but ſpeak ever ſince I was in the Ducking-ſtool.

Bri. Never fear it: Thou ſhalt be Queen o'th Thames, and command the waves, be Crown'd with water-creſſ's, and cloth'd in Water'd Grogerum: The Nymphs ſhall

curl

curl thy hair, and Syrens ſing thy Nuptials, the Sea ſhall drink thy Health, till it ſpues and purges again, and ſwell with pride that it can carry thee.

Jen. Theſe Lines are ſtrong enough to hold an Anchor.

Br. Dolphins ſhall bring Muſicians on their backs, and ſpout out Cans of Beer beyond the Conduits on the Mayors Day.

Jen. Wee'l have a Fiſh Dinner too, and the Lady o'th Lobſter ſhall be Miſtreſſe o'th Feaſt.

Bri. Yes, Yes, and Tritons Trumpet ſhall eccho up each Meſſe, while we ſound the bottom of our Ocean Cups, and drown God *Neptune* in a Sea of wine——But let not your Siſter *Nacy* hear of it for your ears, Shee'l raiſe a Tempeſt will ſhipwrack all our hopes, ſhee'l ſtorm louder than the winds. Meet me here two hours hence with all your Tacklings, I'l ſee this Bundle ſhall be ſafe. The ruddy Skie promiſes a fair Gale, if the winds fail us, and blow enviouſly, wee'l blaſt *Æolus*. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. X.

Enter Ditty.

WELL if ever I carry Love-Letters again, may they make a Love-Letter of me, turn my skin to Paper, my Skull to an Ink-horn, and make a pen of my Noſe, it will be excellent for a faſt hand, for it runs continually, and is ſo moiſt that it will write without Ink. Nay if ever I thruſt my ſelf into wedding buſineſſes again, may, a piece of Match be my Bane, may the Bridegroom wring my ears off, hang me in the Brides Garter, or drown me in the Sack poſſet, and if he bury me, beſtow this thred-bare Epitaph.

Here lieth Tom Ditty *under this ſtone,*
That carri'd Love-Letters, Reader go on,
But ſtay, wou'dſt thou know the cauſe of his death
Th' long-winded Letter put him out of breath.

The next Epiſtle J carry for *Budget*, he ſhall carry himſelf; I'l not be his Poſt, to be her Beating-block too, Pox on's Kettle-Drum, 'tis good for nothing but to call the Moon out of an Eclipſe, and hee'l ſerve for naught neither, but a Chimney-ſweeper's ſhadow, or Bug-bear to fright froward Children. I'l have ſome revenge on him, and deliver him up into her hands, if ſhe do not ſufficiently puniſh him, I'l forgive him. *Enter* Budget.

Dit. Oh here comes the Chimney, the man of ſoot, the Picture of ſmoke and Cinders.

Bud. Oh *Ditty* J ſee by thy face ther's ill News.

Dit. J, Pox on't, J was ſet upon yonder by a company of women, and had like to have been ſcolded into a Cripple, for ſinging Room for Cuckolds tother day.

Bud. But what ſaid my *Nacy*? Did ſhe ſmile? and ſay that all her Denials were Maiden's Nayes? Is ſhe ſoftned, and will ſhe now let me taſt her Straw-berry lips willingly?

Dit. Yes, and give you Cream to 'um too, why, ſhe is almoſt mad for you, and has beſpoke a place in Bedlam already, If you do not go quickly and recover her, ſhee'l either be turn'd into a Kettle with grief, or melt into Bell-metral that ſhe may be made a Poſnet of, Nay and deſired me to tell you, that if after her tranſformation, ſhe chance ever to come under your hands to be mended, ſhe wou'd deſire you to uſe her gently, and that you ſhou'd know which was ſhe, She had provided in her will, that *H L* may be ſet on her Handle for *Nacy Curdivel*.

Bud. J will, J will, I'l mend her with Sugar Nails and a *Naples*-Biſket Hammer. But is there no way to perſwade her to live ſtill a woman? J wou'd be loſt to carry my wife at my back, and have one with three legs.

Dit.

Dit. If you make haſt, you may chance to come before ſhe is quite chang'd, you may ſave a leg perhaps or an arm of Fleſh yet, but J beleeve the moſt part of her is Braſſe already.

Bud. Good *Ditty* go along with me, if ſhe be a pot before J come, J'l weep it full of tears, and then be boil'd to death in't. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. XI.

Enter Gumb *with the Tinkers Budget and Ballad-mans Box.*

ANy old Pots or Kettles to mend? Will you buy my Ballads, Or have you any Corns on your feet toes? Nay J am Jack of all Trades now: Three is a perfect number, and ſo many J have; Nay Maſter Tinker, you kickt me to day, but ſince you are ſo light of your heels, I'l make you walk after your Budget before you have it: 'Tſhall be in trouble preſently, not to be delivered without a Fee. I'l drink as much Ale on the Kettle as will fill it; the reſt o'th tools ſhall go for Jugs apiece: And then Maſter *Ditty*, J will be merry with your Ballads too, They muſt lie in Lavender a little, and ſoke. If they will but yeeld me draughts apiece, J care not, and the Box ſhall ſerve to ſcore on. But ſtay, Had J not better burn it, to bake the Toſts and warm the Ale? Hang't 'tis but engaging the Books Two-pence or a Groat deeper, and have ſome three or four Bundles of ſtrawes like faggots, and 'twill be *all a mode.*

Enter Brittle *and* Heath *with Bundles.*

Bri. Shee'l ſay J am a pretty Jewel to run away with her Cabinet; But 'tis no matter, This Box will make me flou-

rish all the year long.

Gumb. So, so, Here are companions that will help drink the Sea dry, meer Gulphs or whirl-pools that suck in all that comes nigh 'um.

Br. Come *Heath* open thy Treasury, what's the first Pearl?

Gumb. These Ale-suckers too are a going to liquor some prize, that their lime-twig fingers have seized upon.

He. A pair of silver-handled Knives, these I believe she made, when she liv'd with my Lady May'resse; next a pair of white Gloves, these she had at the Funeral of a dear friend, for whose sake she meant to be buried in 'um her self, And how wou'd *Cerberus* take it, to see one come to Hell with a dog-skin pair of Gloves? A silken Garter, this I warrant it she had at a wedding, and intended to bestow it on her own Bride-maid: Then a pair of Sizzers.

Gum. Sure these Villains hive rob'd an Haberdasher, and stole a Box of small ware.

He. *Come out to the Light*
Than which thou'rt more bright
This Box thee no longer shall harbour,
'Tis thou that hast made
Mee o'th Triple Trade,
A Tailor, a Semster, a Barber.
With thee I will shave
The Barburian Slave,
And trim up the Youngsters of Poland,
Make a jump of Aleppo,
Of Friezland *a Joppo,*
And a stately brave Shirt of Holland.

Gum. Well sung of a Woodcock, come thou must go have thy pipe tun'd at mine host *Welcom's*, thou art like the glasse pipe that will never whistle but when there's water in't.

He. Ho, ho, what furniture for a whole fair upon thy back

back at once? dreſſ'd up juſt like the woodden boy's on Haberdaſher's ſtalls.

Briſ. Three ſtrings to thy bow at once, ſure thou canſt not break, when thou haſt ſuch a triple cord to hold thee.

Gum. A ſingle one, I believe you'd ſpoile your drinking, 'twou'd ty up your guzle.

Briſ. But how dar'ſt thou walk abroad before owlight? Doſt think there's no birds ſtirring ſtill, that will ſpy out theſe Feathers? Come off with thy box of Poetry, the Muſes warehouſe, *Calliope's* Cabinet, tis ominous to have the ſtring about thy neck: If thou art taken with 'um, thou maiſt be condemn'd to make as many wry mouth's, as the ſqueaking owner did, when he laſt ſtrain'd and vomitted 'um out at Smith-feild or by corner.

Gum. O there's no feare of that, though he that theſe call Maſter had my neck in a flip, theſe are *Ditty's*, and theſe *Bugdets*, they gave 'um me to hold a little, but I'l carry 'um to the flying horſe, and change 'um for a cup of *Helicon*, which will in halfe an houre make me able to repay theſe paultry rhimes in *Heroick* verſe.

Briſ. Come ſhall we joyne together, we three are able to ſpunge up all the Ale i'th' City, and raiſe the price of malt.

Gum. A match, as fairre as theſe will go I'm for you.

He. And when they'r gone, wee'l drink our very ſhirts out, and then pawn our ſelves too. *Exeunt.*

SCEN.

SCEN. XII.

Enter Jenniting *and* Curds.

Jen. WAS he a Butcher say you?

Cur. I and call'd me his pretty Lamb, and his sweet-bred, told me he wou'd meet me here two houres agoe, and promis'd me mountaines, but bid me I shou'd not tell you on't.

Jen. They are meer rogues, very jugglers, they have cheated us both; Just so did the shoemaker do to me.

Cur. He has got my box of mill'd sixpences, and *Harry* groates, the guilded sizers that were given me for a new years gift, and my bodkin and thimble.

Jen. I wou'd they might both feed upon nothing but rotten apples, and be choakt with pears.

Cur. Or a peice of clout be left in the next fresh cheese they eat and strangle 'um, or a favourable spider drop into the cream, and drowne himself that he may poison them. *Enter Ditty and Budget.*

Dit. 'Slife loose this opportunity, there she is, on I say and I'l be your second, I warrant she had been dead before this time, but that she smelt your breath hard by, or else knew by simpathy that you were coming.

Bud. Did the letter work so strangely on her are you sure, I wou'd not willingly venture my lips for a kisse or my eyes for a look.

Dit. Why I tell thee she was so nigh a dissolution when I left her, that I thought to have found her in a Sand-box, or begd by some vintner to keep bottled wine in before I cou'd return.

Bud.

Bnd. Well I'l try though ſhe ſqueeze me into verjuice, and ſtamp my bones into ſmall coale, that they may be twice burnt : O my hony-comb, milk ſop *Nacy*, whiter then the powder of chalk and like it, able to ſcoure off the durt of ſully'd drabs, and paint them with a brightneſſe as gluſtering as thy own.

Cur. Out you ſooty Goblin, beſmear'd Dolt, doſt think I'l couple with a Negro, to bring forth mag-pies halfe white, and halfe black? take me for a Bee to knit at the ſound of a braſſe kettle or frying-pan? Bundle of charck-coale, Furd crock doſt think I'l hang in thy pot-hook armes? Hence, or I'l beate thee worſe then the Bridwell crew do's hempe.

Dit. I, I, Read him the ſame leſſon, you con'd me.

Bnd. Sweet Miſtreſſe *Curds* be not ſo ſower, good *Dity* ſtop her mouth.

Dit. Hold, hold, *Nacy*, he thoughs all women like pots of Ale, and that Tinkers might call for 'um as freely as the fineſt cuſtomer, this crabtree lecture will teach him better manners hereafter.

Jen. I Siſter, do not foule your mouth any more with the checker-fac't ſcullion, let him go.

Dit. Come then and ſhake hands, wee'l fine him for's ſawcineſſe, and his ranſome ſhall be half a dozen at mine Hoſt *Welcom's*, come, come, you ſhall be friends and I'l perfect the reconciliation with a ſong.

Bnd. Half a dozen! Wee'l ſcore out all the chalk i'th' houſe and make the rapſter fetch one o'th' City Clarks to ſumme up the reckoning.

Jen. Come Siſter lets go drink ſorrow's dry, and a womans anger ſhou'd be like Jack waits, quickly up and quickly down. *Exeunt.*

SCEN.

SCEN. XIII.

Enter Welcom.

I, I, 'tis the rich face that keeps us from poverty, if the Taylor's countenance were in fashion now, and all that had fiery faces were counted comet's, what a decay wou'd there be amongst our houses of good Fellowship: how our can's wou'd rot and juggs grow musty for want of use? I wou'd the whole City were juggs and can's, that they might never be in good case, but when they'r full of good liquor, I fear this will be a bad year for all of our profession, salt meats are grown out of fashion, and Lent will be forgotten this year, and for ought I know, the next Papist that's drunk, may make the people condemne it for superstition, because he uses it, forbid thou, who ever art patron of good fellowship.

Enter Bung.

Bung. I'l be with you presently, Master can you give me a groat and sixpence for a twopence?

Wel. Who ist for?

Bung. For a couple of stranger's i'th' Kings head, they have sat preaching this two houres over two can's, and call'd me rogue and rascall for not giving attendance, and setting a Chamber pot for 'um; they've twopence to pay.

Wel. Then thoud'st have me give 'um eightpence to be gone, ha!

Bung. A groat and twopence for a sixpence I mean.

Wel. There 'tis, go be nimble, we have had but small takings to day; men have got the squienzy or stopping of the throat I think, thy drink so slowly, may it turn to the dropsie, that they may never be weary of drinking, but that every draught may but make room for two more. 'Twill never be a good world, while there's any but *Welch*-tavernes;

such

such as sell nothing but Ale and Tobacco, these French and Spanish ones will be the undoing of us all, men are grown such Dotrills that they had rather give five or six shillings to be drunk like the *Spaniard* with Canary, or the *Frenchman* with Claret, then so many pence to be fox't with their own native beer.

Enter Bung.

Bun. O Master, Master, yonder's *Ditty* and *Budget* come in with two doxes, *Ditty* sweares he'l have one of 'um, though she cuckold him the first night, and clap a paire of hornes upon his head, that will confine him to his Chamber, till rutting time come, and he shed 'um.

Wel. Who are they which they're inamourd so with?

Bung. The ones *Nacy Curds*, and the other *Hanna Jenniting*, *Ditty* and *Jenniting* are agreed already, now if you'l go promote *Budgets* suite, and make a conclusion between him and *Curds*, the wedding will be kept at our house, and we shall besides the getting by the victuals, put off the barrell of soure beer. By and by. *Exit.*

Wel. Well said *Bung*, the craftiest knave alive, I shou'd be glad to see both *Budget* and *Ditty* in the way of multiplying, all their progeny cannot chuse but be friends to the black pot, and will be notable tiplers I warrant 'um, as soon as they come to the sucking bottle, I'l go my self and contract 'um. *Exit.*

SCEN. XIIII.

Enter Briſtle, Heath, Gumb.

Briſ. POX o'th' ugly Baboon, ſhe has got a face like a *Bartholmew* fair baby, and a mouth like the whale that ſwallow'd a whole fleet, her fingers are rowling pins and her armes cowle-ſtaffs, hang her, what ſhou'd women do with mony, or any thing that's good.

He. You ſay true, If we had let 'um alone, I warrant theſe boxes had been kept till they were mouldy, viſited but once a quarter, and at laſt bequeath'd by will and Teſtament to ſome Silly ſober well-wiſher of her's in her life time.

Briſ. One that never dranke above foure-ſhilling beer, but once at a Chriſtning, and then had like to have got a red noſe by it, cannot diſtinguiſh betweene a Jugge and a flaggon, never was in an Ale-houſe, knows not what a buſh meanes, nor ever ſpent above twopence in his life, and that was upon a prayer-book.

Gum. Your tongues me thinks run very glibbe, I wonder they do not ſcreak for want of liquor, what Tapſter? attendance here.

Bung. Anon, anon Sir, I have it in my hand. *Enter* Tapſter, You'r welcome Gentlemen, here's a cup of the beſt Ale in *London*.

Briſ. How Gentlemen? untutor'd ſlave, ſawcy Villain, Gentlemen? why ſarrah do I look like a Gentleman? I ſcorne thy termes, and let this kick put thee in mind of better Language.

Bung. Cry you mercy, I miſtook you indeed.

He. Sirrah wee'l make you know who you miſtake; call one of your Maſters beſt Cuſtomers Gentleman.

Bung.

Bung. Anon Anon Sir, I'l be with you presently, *Exit.*

Brif. Sirrah bid your Master come in.

Gum. Come here's a round to the first inventor of the Famous Art of drinking.

Brif. No, no, to the first finder out of the noble Art of brewing, for we shou'd be forc't to drink water else.

He. To neither, but to the first most commendable Ale-house keeper, that sold three can's for two-pence, he is the chiefe benefactor we have, come three Can's to his health.

Gum. Brif. A match.

Enter *Welcom*, *Ditty*, *Budget*, *Jennit. Curds.*

We. Set you merry, my merry, merry lads, what do the Can's daunce nimbly?

He. Yes, but we want a pipe or too, good mine Host lets have some whiffe.

We. Here's a Musitian, honest *Ditty*, and *Budget* too, if they do not make up the consort, they are very much out of time.

Dit. O *Gumb* have we found you out, my box you slave.

Bud. And my *Budget.*

We. Come set about, set about my boon Companions.

Br. A devil on your snout, Oat-meele face, and tallow-chops, how came you hither, with a pox trow.

He. Look here *Bristle*, how like shorn sheep they Look, where shall we run? they have cast me into a fit o'th' shaking palsey.

Brif. Come wee'l out face 'um.

We. Come sit down my joviall boyes and roare, this night wee'l suck up all the dew.

Enter Bung with Tobacco.

Bun. Here's a pipe o'th' best Tobacco, that Christendome affords, it grew under the King of *Spaines* own

window; By and by, what do you want Sirs? *Exit.*

Dit. And I warrant he us'd to fling piſſe-pots out on't.

We. Wee'l drink our ſelves into fifth, and eat our ſelves into cormorants, wee'l not faſt though it be an eve to a ſuſſering gawdy day.

He. I'ſt an eve ſay you, pray what Holliday is too morrow.

We. Budgets and *Ditty's* Nuptialls, drink freely, all is paid already, and you are *Ditty's* gueſts to night as well as mine, there ſit the brides, you ſhall not leave my houſe to night, that I may be ſure of you to morrow morning at the ſolemnities, be merry then and free; I'l pardon you your groats too morrow, and none ſhall forfeit but he that is not drunk. *Exit Wel.*

He. Briſ. Gum. Joy to the brides, and bride-grooms.

Dit. Gentlemen you may ſee how quickly a man may be ſhuffled into a wedding, we lik'd at firſt ſight, and why ſhou'd we then deferre our joys any longer.

Bud. Like the Spanniell, I was beaten into love, but at laſt have overcome, thanks to mine Hoſt, that took my part.

Cur. And I cheated into a bride, he that ſtole away my box made up the match between you and me.

Briſ. I'ſt ſo I faith? then Miſtreſſe bride pray take this box, you know it I beleeve and me too.

He. And you this bundle.

Jen. The thing I was cheated off, art thou the theef too? O the very villaine.

Cur. Lay hold of 'um, ſweet *Budget*, the ſlaves that cheated us in a diſguiſe.

Dit. Come what's the matter! wee'l have no quarrelling too night, we forgive all.

Gum. Then your books may be freed for eighteen pence, that's all they are engag'd for yet, and the budget but for two ſhillings.

Dit. Bud. We forgive moſt willing.

Dit.

Dit. A Porter wou'd not have carry'd 'um so farre for the price.

Brif. Here's a health to the Brides then, out of an extinguisher, I'l find 'um in mice-traps, brushes, steele and tinder box, all their life time.

He. And I with broomes.

Gum. I'l cut their Cornes for nothing, and draw their Teeth for a touch of their lips.

Dit. Deferre that health till too morrow, In the mean while lets have on to the *Genius* of good Ale.

Omnes Begin't, begin't.

Dit. *Submit bunch of Grapes,*
To the strong Barly eare,
The weak vine no longer,
The Laurell shall weare.

Bud. *Sack and all drinks else,*
Desist from the strife,
Ale's th' onely Aqua vitæ,
And liquor of life.

All. rog. *Then come my boon fellow's,*
Let's drink it a round,
It keeps us from th' grave,
Though it lay's us o'th' ground.

Bud. *Ales a Physitian,*
No Mountebanke braggar,
Can cure the chill ague,
Though't be with the stagger.

Dit. *Ales a strong w'restler,*
Flings all it hath met.
And makes the ground slippery,
Though't be not wet.

Omnes *But come my boon, &c.*

Dit. *Ale is both Ceres.*
And good Neptune too,
Ale's froth was the Sea,
From whence Venus grew.

Bud.

Bud. *Ale is immortall,*
And be there no ſtops,
In being Gods quaffing,
Can live without hops;
Omnes *Then come my boon fellows,*
Lets drink it a round,
It keep's us from the graeve,
Though it lay's us o'th' ground. *All drink.*

Enter Welcom.

We. Well ſaid my whiſtling birds, tis ſpring with you all the year long, while the Ale flouriſhes, come I have provided a ſupper will tire your Teeth, tis but a prologue though of too morrow's feaſt, I hope your appetites need no provocation's, It now waits for you, But will not be ready, till you concoct it. Come then cheer up my buxom girles, the cakes and poſſet my wife ſhall provide, and I'l engage my ſelf to be father to you both, *Ditty's* Ballads and his Budget ſhall be cut out into favours, and gloves. *Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Welcom *the Hoſt.*

Gentlemen and Lady's, I am ſent to you,
Not to beg caſt by ſheets, a ſhirt or two,
Or clouts for th' teeming women, nor beſpeak
Goſſips or gueſts againſt the Chriſtning week,
No offering for th' married couple, what then?
Onely to bid you welcom Gentlemen,
Before your parting: and for th' women beg,
That when they travell, you'd not ſit croſſe-leg,
But when their notes are turn'd to child-birth cries,
You'd cry, good ſpeed to their delivery's:
And if our cry's have wanted mirth, or wit,
There's one more left, we cry you mercy yet.

FINIS.